

Taxes on the Farmer Feeds Us All

Ry Cooder

We worked through Spring and Winter, through Summer and through
Fall

But the mortgage worked the hardest and the steadiest of us all

It worked on nights and Sundays, it worked each holiday
Settled down among us and it never went away

The farmer comes to town with his wagon broken down
The farmer is the man who feeds us all
If you only look and see I know you will agree
That the farmer is the man who feeds us all

The farmer is the man, the farmer is the man
He buys on his credit until Fall
Then they take him by the hand
And they lead him from his land
And the merchant is the man who gets it all

The farmer is the man, the farmer is the man
He lives on his credit until Fall
With the interest rates so high
It's a wonder he don't die
But the taxes on the farmer feeds us all

Well, the banker says he's broke and the merchant stops and smokes
But they forget that it's the farmer that feeds them all
It would put them to the test if the farmer took a rest
And they'd know that it's the farmer that feeds them all

The farmer is the man, the farmer is the man
Lives on his credit until Fall
Well, his pants are wearing thin
His condition, it's a sin
'Cause the taxes on the farmer feeds us all